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THE FACSIMILE TEXT SOCIETY

SERIES I: LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE

VOLUME 3

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY A GENTLEMAN OF VIRGINIA

1736

POEMS
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

By a Gentleman of Virginia

Reproduced from the Edition of 1736

With a Bibliographical Note

BY

RALPH L. RUSK

THE FACSIMILE TEXT SOCIETY

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1930

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The text of *Poems on Several Occasions* contained in the following pages is reproduced in facsimile from the copy of the original edition now in the Library of the Boston Athenæum. According to information kindly supplied by Miss Elinor Gregory, the type-page of this copy measures 16.9 x 11.5 cm. on page iii but varies elsewhere; and the leaves, imperfectly trimmed, so that upper and lower edges are not parallel, are 20 cm. in height at the bound edge and are 15.5 cm. in width. I have been unable to discover any other copy of this edition, and I am not aware that any manuscript of the *Poems* is in existence.

The interest which attaches to this volume, partly because of its rarity, is enhanced by the few facts available regarding its history. That the date of publication indicated on the title-page is correct and that this was the first printing may be regarded as satisfactorily established by the announcement in the twelfth number of *The Virginia Gazette*, for October 15 to 22, 1736:

> *This Day is publish'd,*
>
> POEMS on several Occasions, never before printed. By a Gentleman of *Virginia*. Price stitch'd 15 *d*.

The several extant issues of the newspaper immediately preceding contain no notice of the book, and the issue immediately following advertises it as "*Lately publish'd.*" Moreover, there is good reason to believe

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that the information in the advertisements reached the press without delay, for the same William Parks who printed the *Gazette* printed the poems. The date of publication may, then, be set down with a considerable degree of certainty as some time in October, 1736. But the fortunes of the surviving copy during several decades following its appearance at Williamsburg are obscure. Both the early date of publication and what is known regarding Washington's reading make it seem unlikely that he himself purchased this volume of poems. And if, like many other books in his library, it was a gift, it most likely came into his possession after the Revolution, when he was a famous man; and the fact that his signature on the title-page clearly belongs to the latter half of his life and is most characteristic of the period following 1780 adds further weight to the conjecture that the volume did not become his property until at least forty or fifty years after its publication. Within a short time after his death the book must have passed, with the rest of his library, to the ownership of his nephew Bushrod Washington (*Wills*, ed. W. C. Ford, 1891, p. 98); and the list of books at Mount Vernon in 1810 includes a quarto volume described as "Poems &c." (*Inventory*, ed. W. C. Ford, 1909, p. 21) which has since been identified as that containing, together with a number of miscellaneous pamphlets, the copy of *Poems on Several Occasions* (A. P. C. Griffin and W. C. Lane, *A Catalogue of the Washington Collec-*

tion in the Boston Athenæum, 1897, pp. 166 and 559). After the death of Bushrod Washington, in 1829, the library was to have been divided between his nephews John A. Washington and George C. Washington (*Wills,* p. 160); but whatever measures may have been taken to make this provision effective, the copy of *Poems on Several Occasions* apparently remained at Mount Vernon until 1848, when it was one of the hundreds of volumes purchased from the Washington library by Henry Stevens and sold by him to certain citizens of Massachusetts, who presented them, in the same year, to the Boston Athenæum (Henry Stevens, *Recollections of Mr James Lenox,* 1886, p. 109; and Josiah Quincy, *The History of the Boston Athenæum,* 1851, p. 187).

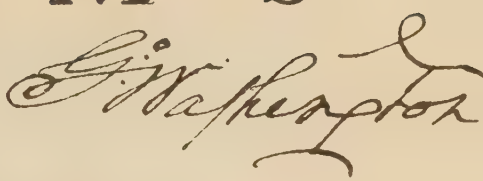
The original issue of 1736 was listed by Sabin and by Evans, but there seems to have been no reprint until 1920, when Mr. Earl Gregg Swem prepared an edition of sixty-eight copies for Heartman's Historical Series, noting in his preface the problem of authorship and pointing out some of the striking literary influences. So far as I am able to determine, there has been no other reprint up to the present time and the problem of authorship remains unsolved.

R. L. R.

Columbia University
March, 1930

POEMS

ON



Several Occasions.

Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, & si ex his Studiis delectatio sola peteretur; tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem humanissimam & liberalissimam judicaretis.

Cic.

By a Gentleman of VIRGINIA.

WILLIAMSBURG:

Printed and Sold by WILLIAM PARKS.

M,DCC,XXXVI.

PREFACE.

THE following Pieces are the caſual Productions of Youth. Having communicated them to ſome of my Friends, whoſe Judgment in theſe Matters I thought leaſt liable to err, their Approbation has at length determined me to try, what Opinion the Public will have of them. I am too ſenſible of, and have always been too ſtrenuous an Advocate for that Freedom and Impartiality, with which the Public paſſes its Judgment on Compoſitions of this Nature, to ſay any thing, which may prejudice the Reader in their Favour. On the contrary, I am well aſſured, that giving an undeſerved Applauſe to bad Poems, is a much greater and more dangerous Piece of Injuſtice to

the Author, than even diſcouraging thoſe, which are good. It is confirming us in an Error, which we Authors are but too liable to give into of ourſelves, That our Productions are excellent, and worthy of the Public Notice.

IT is therefore my ſincere Requeſt to the candid Reader, that he will peruſe the following Poems with the utmoſt Strictneſs and Severity; and if he finds them unworthy his Approbation, the Author takes this Opportunity of being the firſt in giving his Vote, that he never hereafter publiſh any more.

POEMS

POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

Hymn to the MORNING.

AWAKE my Soul, and with the conſtant Morn,
Carol th'ALMIGHTY's Praiſe; awake and tune
The vocal Shell to ſympathetic Sounds,
And heav'nly Conſort. See! the radiant Sun
Stains with etherial Gold the varied *Eaſt*,
And vaſt Expanſe; behold! with Giant ſtride
He'advances ruddy, and with him returns

The

The ſweet Viciſſitude of Day, and all
Th'obſequious Train of filial Colours. Now
The vivid Green extends her welcome Sway
O'er the ſequeſter'd Lawns, and ſmiling Meads:
And now the purpled *Violet* reſumes
Its coſtly Dye; and all th'extended Plains
Confeſs th'ALMIGHTY's Hand, of Ornament
Profuſe. Behold! with fleſhy *Pink* they ſmile
Enamel'd, and the *Daiſy*'s dwarfy Bloom
Of pallid Hue, and gorgeous *Marygold.*

ON ev'ry graſſy Sprig a pearly Drop
Hangs wav'ring, and with varied Ray proclaims
Its great Progenitor. The liquid Gem,
Pendent and tremulous, with rival Gleam
Mimicks the Luſtre of its Parent Orb.
Vain Man's beſt Emblem! who with BORROW'D LIGHT
Which EV'RY TOUCH DESTROYS, againſt his GOD
Dares wage an impious and gigantic War.

FROM

FROM downy Neſt of artificial Weſt
The ſedulous Airlings riſe, and to their Task
Hye joious. Or with gameſome Wing they cut
The yielding Fluent, and with tranſient Touch
Skim the moiſt Element in ſportive Whirl:
Or elſe to ſtudious Wand'rer's curious View
Delightful, they collect their grainy Food
And maſticative Stones. But heark! the Grove,
Reſpondent to the tuneful Choir, reſound
Celeſtial Symphony. The ſpeckled *Thruſh*
Of various Note, and *Blackbirds* piercing Sound,
Conjoin'd to *Philomela*'s parting Lay,
Mournfully ſweet, conſpire to uſher in
The pompous Morn. Nor ſhall my only Voice
Be wanting in the general Hymn: Of Song
Unskilful, yet with grateful Hand I'll touch
The trembling String, and chant th'ALMIGHTY's Praiſe.
Vagrant, like the induſtrious Bee, I'll cull

Nature's

Nature's choice Sweets, and ſtill with prying Ken
Deſcry the Wonders of her fruitful Womb.

BUT ſee! the great Exemplar of my Verſe,
The Lab'rer Bee, aſſiduous riſe! Behold!
From waxen Cell and more inglorious Eaſe,
Active he haſtens, and with hov'ring Buzz
Extracts mellific Juice. From Bloom to Bloom
He wanders dainty, and with nice Diſcern
Rejects each vulgar Sweet. Hail, mighty Chief!
Hyblæan Wand'rer, hail! Still may'ſt thou ſip
The pure and elemental Dews; whilſt I,
With daring Song, and more advent'rous Foot,
Attempt the ſteepy Heights, where MILTON firſt,
Great Chieftain, ſolitary trod; and taught
The liſt'ning World, what MICHAEL's potent Arm
In Fight could do, and human Wit atchieve.

To Mr. -------- *at* London.

An Imitation of Horace.

SOME praiſe *Auguſta*'s lofty Spires,
Affecting Kindred with the Skies;
Another Sot her Streets admires,
The glorious Dirt, th'enchanting Noiſe;
Where Fops repugnant met, agree alone
In this; that all are wand'ring, all are wrong.

SOME again, with rapt'rous Tongue,
Extol SOFT *WINDSOR*'s GREEN RETREATS;
Taught by *POPE*'s romantic Song,
SEQUESTER'D SCENES and MUSE'S SEATS.
But theſe, the Muſe's Magpies, catch her Words;
Neglectful, what the noble Senſe affords.

OTHERS make the crowded *Mall*,
And *Theatre* their bigot Theme;
Where Follies of all Kinds excel,
And painted Faces ſit ſupreme:
Where idol Doxies, and affected Beaux
Reign firſt in Folly, as they're firſt in Cloaths.

FOR me, not *Rich*'s utmoſt Art,
Not all the *Dæmon*'s of the Stage,
Can from her dear Embrace diſpart,
Can from my *Oxford* diſengage:
Where *Iſis* rolls her ſlow majeſtick Stream,
And charm'd by Song, forgets th'uxorious *Tame*.

SOMETIMES in penſive Mood I ſtray,
And trace her Honours to the Sourſe:
Sometimes from neighbour Hills ſurvey
The myſtick Mazes of her Courſe.
Whence *Oxford*'s tow'ry Head adorns the Scene,
And *Blenheim* dignifies the diſtant Plain.

BUT

BUT thou, my Friend, remember ſtill
With gen'rous Wine to baniſh Care.
True Joys are few; then boldly fill:
The racy Juice will heal Diſpair.
As Clouds don't always blacken Summer Skies,
So let not Care ſtill ruffle youthful Joys.

WHEN *Drake*, that brave undaunted Man,
Who firſt durſt tempt the *Southern* Seas,
Extending *Britain*'s wide Command
From fartheſt *Weſt* to diſtant *Eaſt*,
Was landed on the dreary deſert Coaſt,
He thus the Comrades of his Toil accoſt.

" COME, my Boys, with roſy Wine
" Let the foaming Bowl be crown'd,
" Let us all in Mirth combine,
" And *Britain*'s Monarch ſtill go round.
" *Britain* and *Drake* reign Sov'reign of the Sea,
" Nor fear, where *Drake* and *Britain* lead the Way.

" LET earth-born Mortals of the Land
" On gaping Sots their Morals palm;
" We're taught more Wiſdom by our Main,
" Where's ſometimes Storm, and ſometimes Calm.
" Then let's carouſe; To-morrow we'll again
" Brave the rough Buffets of the boiſtrous Main. "

To SYLVIA.

Sent by the Author unknown.

AS from the deep Receſſes of a Grove,
The plaintive *Philomela* chants her Love;
Herſelf unſeen, yet through the neighbouring Plain,
Delightful Shrills the melancholly ſtrain:
So ſtrives the Muſe with bold Attempt to ſing,
Harſh tho' her Voice, tho' feeble be her Wing.
Happy at leaſt in this, that ſtill unknown,
She truſts the Folly to herſelf alone.
Thrice happier ſtill, if, with her faithful Strain
She can one Moment *Sylvia*'s Ear detain; And

And with the ſolitary Tea, can ſhare
The Glory to divert the penſive Fair.

ACCEPT, bright Maid, this tributary Song;
To you the Labours of the Muſe belong:
To you ſhe ſings ; inſpired by your Name,
She kindles with the Poet's gen'rous Flame.
Nor ſcorn her Lay, becauſe unſeen, unknown,
She modeſt roams the gloomy Grove alone.
The gurgling Brook, which through ſome Wood does ſtray,
And in ſoft Muſick glides the dusky Way;
Altho' from public View retir'd her Streams,
Which pendent Trees obſcure from *Phœbus* Beams,
Yet not leſs pleaſing is her num'rous Roar,
Leſs ſweet her Nectar, or leſs cool her Shore.

To SYLVIA.

An Imitation of Anacreon.

OFT I ſtring the *Lydian* Lyre,
Oft in noble Strains aſpire
To ſing the Glories of that Face,
Each ſecret Charm, each nameleſs Grace;
But ſtill the diſobedient Strings do move
In ſofteſt Notes, and murmur nought but Love.

OFT with witty quaint Conceit,
I vainly ſtrive to celebrate
That, which no Colours can reveal
Which we only ſee, and only feel:
But ſtill the diſobedient Strings do move
In ſofteſt Notes, and murmur nought but Love.

FAREWEL, wild impetuous Ode;
Farewel, *Phœbus*, mighty God

Of

Of well turn'd Wit; with all your Train,
The frantick Off-ſpring of the Brain.
But welcome, gentle Lyre, whoſe Strings do move
In ſofteſt Notes, and murmur nought but Love.

TELL her, in ſoft pathetic Strains,
All my Anguiſh, all my Pains;
Tell her, I love, I rave, I die;
I dare not ſpeak, I cannot fly.
Tell her, all this, ye gentle Strings, that move
In ſofteſt Notes, and murmur nought but Love.

ANACREONTIQUE.

IF Gold protracts the merry Scene,
And partial Death obeys its Pow'r;
With prudent Forecaſt, careful Mien,
I'll amaſs the ſhining Store.

AND if his griſley Godſhip come,
I'll divert the fatal Dart.

A Purſe he wants ------ Behold the Sum ------
He'll ſcrape obſequious, and depart.

BUT ſince reverſeleſs Fates deny
This Virtue to the glitt'ring Ore;
Tell me, Mortal, tell me, why
Should I the gaudy Duſt adore?

THEN let the ruddy God advance,
And ſome beauteous loveſome She;
With Mirth, and Joke, and Quirp, and Dance:
Theſe alone have Joys for me.

FABLE.

ONCE upon a Time, an Aſs,
Bending beneath a pond'rous Maſs
Of holy Lumber; Reliques, Bulls,
Saints Fingers, Teeth, and ſacred Sculls;
Obſerv'd, where-e'er he came, the Crowd
With the profoundeſt Rev'rence bow'd,

And

And paid their Homage, as he paſs'd,
Which to himſelf he thought addreſs'd.
Pleas'd with the Thought, the awkard Creature
Affects a State in ev'ry Feature,
Struts boldly on, aſſumes the God,
Receives their Incenſe with a Nod,
And graciouſly inclines his Ear
To the fond Rabble's ſenſeleſs Pray'r;
Which once receiv'd, his Godſhip *Jack*
Brays harſh his Approbation back.

MORAL.

SEE Scaurus *comes*; *I rev'rent bow,*
And give his Poſt the Honour due;
Which he, poor Aſs, miſtakes, as paid
To the Vacuity of his Head.

EPIGRAM.

SCAURUS hates *Greek*, and is become
Mere *Trojan* in his Spight;
But why ſo fierce againſt the Men,
So learned and polite?

THE *Trojans* ſtole, and kept by Force
A Dame, elop'd from Duty;
But you can't plead e'en this Pretence
Of having ſtole one BEAUTY.

To a FRIEND,

Who recommended a Wife to him.

IOWN, the Match, you recommend,
Is far above my mean Deſert;
I own, you've acted like a Friend,
A hearty, kind, and gen'rous Part.

BUT Marriage, Sir,'s a ſerious Caſe;
Matureſt Thought ſhould chuſe a Wife;
Tho' ſome aver, the wiſeſt Way's
To think upon it all one's Life.

FABLE.

A Ruſtick once, on Travel bent,
To *Oxford*'s ſacred Manſions went;
From Place to Place unheeded ſtray'd,
Where-e'er his wand'ring Fancy led.
By Chance at Length betray'd, he came
Near *Bodley*'s ever-ſacred Frame;
Where Two learn'd Clerks, in deep Debate,
Were ſettling *Locke*'s and * *Ary*'s Fate.

SURROUNDED by a ſneering Crowd,
The Stray in deep Attention ſtood.
'Till up there ſtep'd a pert young Blade,
And thus his coxcomb Wit diſplay'd.

* *Cant Word for* Ariſtotle.

Well honeſt Hob, how like you this?
Our *Oxford* Quirps and Quiddities?
This *Latin* Tongue has Charms, unknown
To the harſh Accent of our own.
Beſides, the Lads are brisk and tight.
Which think you, Sir, is in the Right?
That matters not, replies the Clown,
If I can tell, who's in the Wrong.
CONCEDITUR, rejoins our Spark,
For if ti'n't Light, you know, 'tis Dark.
But I impatient wait to hear,
Which your deep Judgment ſhall declare.
Then mark, reply'd th'unletter'd Sage,
The Man, that fell into a Rage.
Without much *Latin*, I proclaim,
His Notions wrong, and he to blame.
Ill-Humour, more expreſs than Words,
Of this a flagrant Proof affords;
And that he's vex'd, within to find
The plain Conviction of his Mind.

MORAL

HOW oft do angry Fools declare
Their Errors, in the learned War?
Obſcure their Theme, their Matter deep,
From common Senſe their Faults might keep.
But Paſſions, thoſe unerring Signs,
Shew ev'ry Hob, where Truth inclines.

SONG.

YOUNG Poets, in Love,
Will call from above
Cytherea, dreſt all in her Graces and Airs;
And will tell their fond Dreams of *Ida*'s ſoft Grove,
Of Cupids, of Doves, and of Carrs.

SOME *Cloe* beſide,
Or *Sylvia* muſt hide
The Name of the Fair that poſſeſſes their Heart.
Thus ſighing in Pomp of Poetical Pride,
They vainly make Shew of their Art.

NO

NO Poet am I,
And no Dame of the Sky,
No Fiction ſhall ever diſgrace my bright Flame;
That the Truth is moſt beautiful, none will deny,
When I tell them, that ------- is her Name.

THEN fill up my Glaſs;
Here's a Health to the Laſs:
As for *Venus*, I fairly now bid you Adieu;
Since on her you can never reflect any Praiſe,
I'll not labour to compliment you.

ANACREONTIQUE.

LET others in Heroicks tell,
How *Marlb'rough* fought, or *Ilium* fell;
For me, I will, in humbler Verſe,
My ſoft Captivity rehearſe.

NO hardy Foot, no Warrior Horſe,
No batt'ring Rams, or Ships of Force

Could

Could ever cauſe the ſad Diſtreſs,
That ravages within my Breaſt:
But 'tis a diff'rent Kind of War,
That ſpreads it's ſweet Deſtruction far,
And ſhot from beauteous *Cælia's* Eye,
Makes me not only love, but ------ die.

To SYLVIA.

WHEN deck'd in pompous Majeſty, the *Sun*
The ſteepy Height of Heav'ns Aſcent has won;
Too bright the Glory, and too fierce the Day,
The feeble Shepherd ſhuns the gorgeous Ray.
The ſame our Care, tho' different be our Fate:
He pipes ſecure beneath the Beeche's Height;
While I, alaſs! in vain retire from Love
To the cool Covert of the ſhady Grove
In vain I fly! the Grove denies Relief
To the ſoft Torments of a Lover's Grief.
If with the new-born Light I chance to ſtray,
And through the Woodland ſhape my liſtleſs Way.

The

The matted Graſs, the Leaves and pearly Dew
Breathe of the Morn, and utter nought but you.
Your Voice inſpires the feather'd Songſter's Throat.
Sweet through the Grove reſounds the various Note;
Yet ſweeter break the Accents from thy Tongue,
Than the ſoft Warblings of the tuneful Throng.
All's full of you; the Plants, the Flow'rs, the Trees,
The gurgling Rill, and ſoft etherial Breeze.
Through Nature's Works I find but freſh Alarms,
And trace th'unfiniſh'd Sketches of thoſe matchleſs Charms.

ANACREONTIC.

OLD Poets ſing the Dame, to Stone
Converted by *Jove*'s radiant Son:
How *Progne* builds her clayey Cell
In Chimnies, where ſhe once did dwell.
For me, (did Fate permit to uſe,
Whatever Forms our Fancies chuſe)

I'd be my lovely *Sylvia*'s Glaſs,
Still to reflect her beauteous Face;
I'd be the pure and limpid Wave,
In which my Fair delights to lave;
I'd be her Garment, ſtill to hide
Her ſnowy Limbs, with decent Pride;
I'd be the Girdle, to embrace
The gradual Taper of her Waſt;
I'd be her Tippet, ſtill to preſs
The ſnowy Velvet of her Breaſt;
But if the rigid Fates denied
Such Ornaments of Grace and Pride,
I'd be her very Shoe, that ſhe
With ſcornful Tread might trample me.

To SYLVIA,
On Approach of Winter.

COME, my *Silvia*, come away;
Youth and Beauty will not ſtay;
Let's enjoy the preſent now.

Hearke, tempeſtuous Winter's Roar,
How it bluſters at the Door,
Charg'd with Froſts, and Storms, and Snow.

SEATED near the crackling Fire,
Let's indulge our fond Deſire,
Careleſs of rough *Borea*'s Blaſt:
Let us teach the blooming Youth,
What Joys attend on Love and Truth;
How much they pleaſe, how long they laſt.

THE am'rous Warblers of the Grove,
That in ſweet Carols chant their Love,
Can only ſing, whilſt Spring inſpires;
But let us ſhew, no Age, no Time,
No warring Seaſons, frozen Clime,
Can damp the Warmth of our Deſires.

An EPISTLE,

To ---------- *Esq;*

THOU, whose warm Soul's still eager to commend
The feeble Efforts of thy Rhimester Friend,
Ingenious ------, what on *Cornwall*'s Coast
Dost thou devise? Of what new Labour boast?
High on a Cliff, which e'en transcends the Flight
Of *Shakespear*'s boldest Muse, dost thou delight
The studious Mind? Or on the subject Shore
Stray lonely, Nature's Secrets to explore?
What dost thou do? Into the Mine descend,
And view the kindred Ores their Masses blend?
Or else, in Search of Plants, excursive rove
Through the gay Mead and venerable Grove?

PERHAPS to Love and Gallantry inclin'd,
You now unbend and humanize the Mind
With Passions, gentle, soft, engaging, kind;

Which riſe above the Pedant's dull Pretence,
And add a Grace and Elegance to Senſe.
But no --------
I know you better; theſe can only find
A ſecond Place in the exalted Mind.
From the vain World retir'd, you often rove,
And court Self-Converſe in the lonely Grove.
Or in the Silence of ſome awful Wood,
You con th'important Leſſon to be good:
Deſcend into yourſelf, with Search ſevere,
And prune each latent Evil, budding there:
Weigh ev'ry Thought; on what each Notion ſtands;
What Reaſon dictates, and your God commands.

On the Corruptions of the STAGE.

LONG did the Stage with nervous Senſe delight,
Exalt the raviſh'd Soul, and charm the Sight;
Whilſt *Shakeſpear*, *Row*, and all thoſe Sons of Fame,
(Our greateſt Glory, and our greateſt Shame)

With

With lofty Buskin, or facetious Lay,
Held o'er the captive Mind deſpotic Sway.
With noble Ardor then they trod the Scene,
We came, we ſaw, we gaz'd ourſelves to Men.

AT length from *Latian* Shores, infectious Clime!
Came the ſoft Cadence and inervate Chime.
Amphion-like, thoſe modern Sons of Art
Could chain the Senſe and captivate the Heart.
Oh wond'rous Skill! but mark the *Syren* Rocks;
He Blocks to Men, they Men transform'd to Blocks.

NEXT *Harlequin*, ingenious Antique, came;
The ſame his Magic, and his Sourſe the ſame.
With Kick facetious, or with witty Grin,
He rais'd our Laughter ------- but expos'd our Brain.
In vain *Mercutio* jeſts, poor *Juliet* mourns in vain.
Phogh! who can bear th'intolerable Strain!
Where ſtrong and manly Senſe diſturbs our Eaſe,
And Paſſions, too affecting e'er to pleaſe.

To burning Houſes, Monſters, and Grimace,
To flying Bottles, Wands, and waving Seas,
To cheated Cuckolds, and the bold † *Rogere*,
Illuſtrious Hero! pendent in the Air;
To theſe we fly, and leave thoſe Sons of Spleen,
The Fools of Senſe, to doat on *Shakeſpear*'s Scene.

MACHEATH at laſt aroſe with vent'rous Wing,
And laugh'd away the Brethren of the String.
But whilſt he cures the Head-Ake's trifling Pain,
With raging Frenzy he infects the Brain.
To awkard Imitations next we came,
The nauſeous Snuffs of true poetick Flame.
From foreign Trifling and unmanly Tone,
We turn to downright Nonſenſe of our own.

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† *A* French *Player at the Old Houſe.*

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